

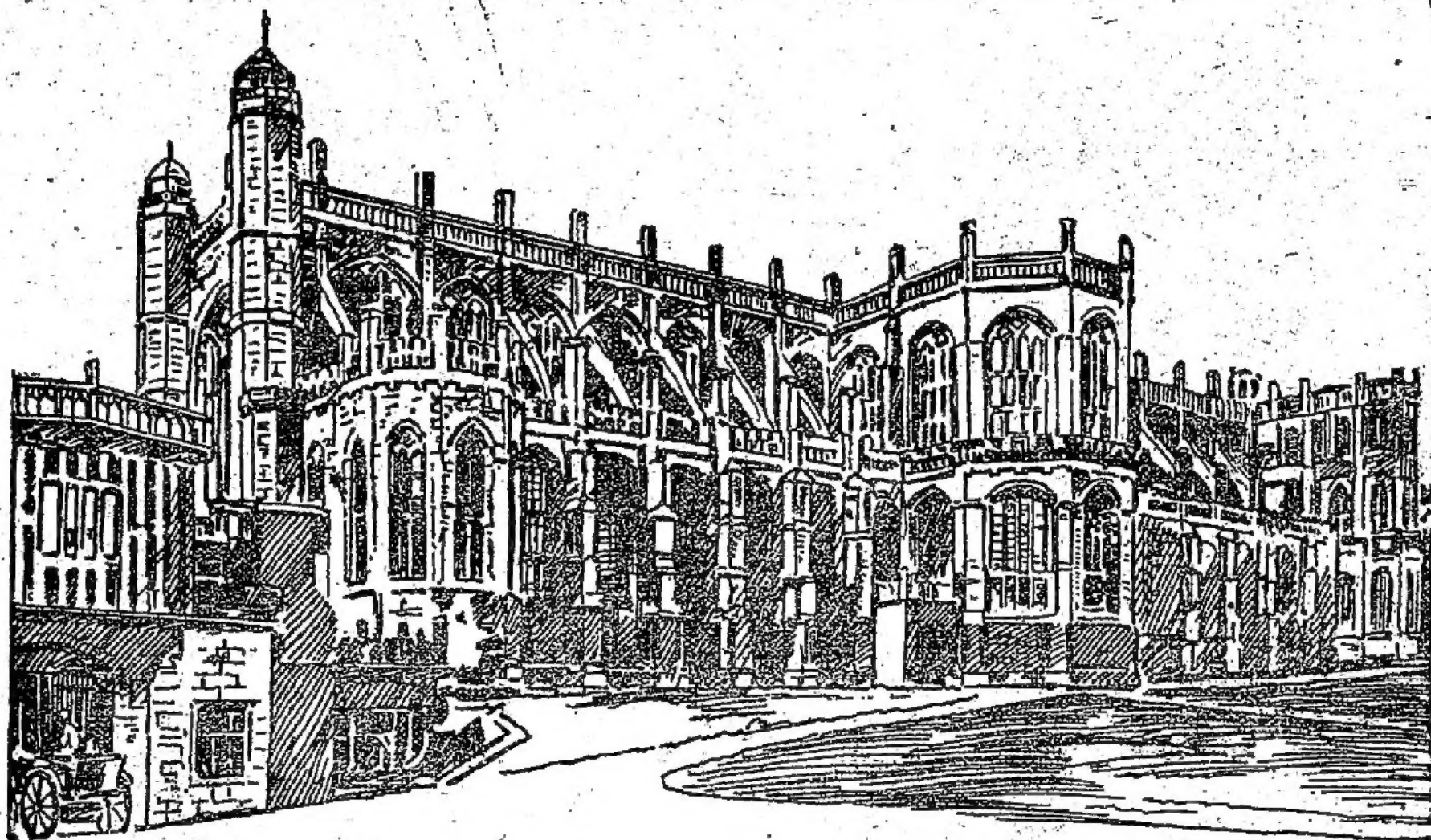
Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 7.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 15, 1901.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

AUBERT GALLION
MRS. W. M. POZET
3 COP



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR,
Where the funeral of the Queen was held.

The Queen's Last Resting-Place.

IN THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.

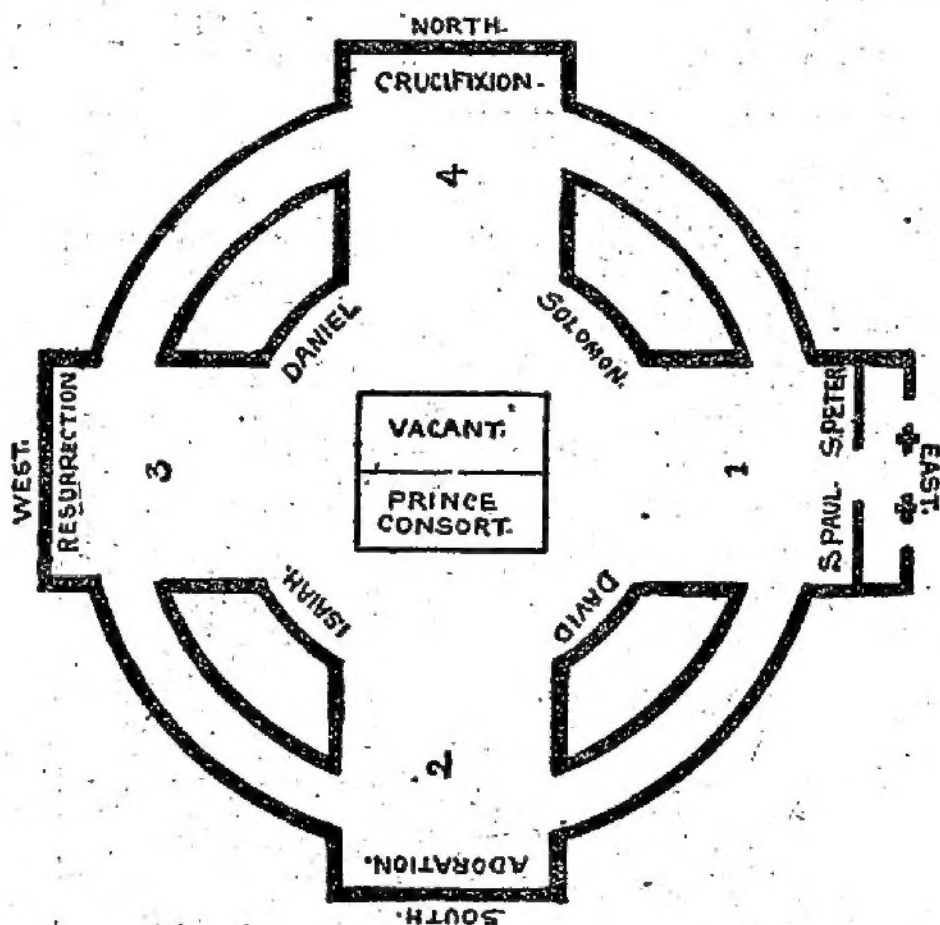
The Queen's body was laid to rest on Feb. 2, beside her husband, in that spot in the Frogmore Gardens which she personally selected during the first days of her

widowhood. Frogmore is a mansion and grounds within the royal demesne of Windsor, in Berkshire, half a mile east of Windsor. The mansion was built by Wyatt, and was the residence of Queen Charlotte, the Princess Augusta and the Duchess of Kent, and was a seat of King Edward while yet Prince of Wales. The grounds contain the mausoleum erected in 1862-65 by the Queen for the remains of the Prince Consort. From the Long Walk, near Frog-

more Gates, through the leafless trees, it is distinctly seen where it is not screened by evergreen trees and shrubs that shelter it all the year round. The dome rises above them, and over all glitters the golden cross.

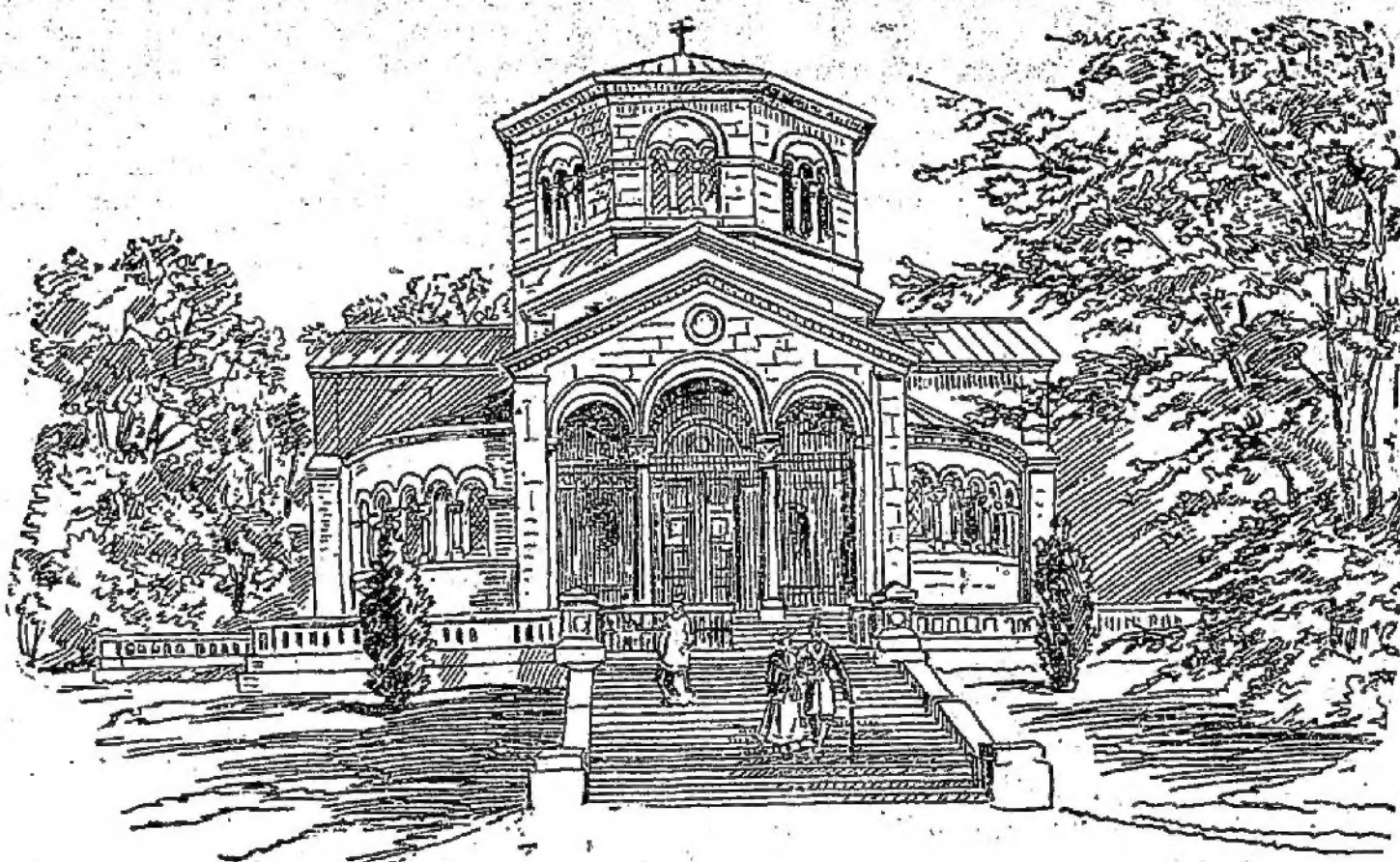
The mausoleum has the form of a Greek cross, with the addition of an entrance porch to the eastern arm. The lower part of the walls externally is of granite, the upper part of granite and Portland stone.

Externally the mausoleum is 70 feet in length and breadth, not including the porch, which adds ten feet to the length. The spectator within the building looks from the floor to the top of the central roof, an elevation of 70 feet, but from the general level of the ground to the top of the cross is 83 feet. The pavement is of inlaid polished marbles. The walls are lined with polished marbles, excepting in those spaces which are ornamented with paintings and arabesque. Twenty-five different kinds of marbles from Europe, Africa and America give their various colors to the floor and walls. The four long arches, with the cornice above the smaller arches, and all the fluted pilasters, or square columns set in the walls and projecting from it, are of pure white Sicilian marble. Each pilaster stands on a pedestal of polished buff Sienna marble. The four large niches made to receive the statues are lined with the dull Campau-rouge, the darkest of red marbles, bordered round by the paler emperor-red. In these niches of the central octagon stand four statues of the prophets. The first is that of David as an aged monarch, the face expressing peaceful resignation. The figure bears a tablet, on which is written:—'The Lord is



GROUND PLAN OF THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.

The Queen's body was placed in that part of the sarcophagus marked vacant.



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.

my rock and my fortress.' Above the statue is the text from Samuel: 'He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth.'

The second statue is of Isaiah, with the fine, upward-gazing face of a man who lives above the world, while yet in it. Above is the text from Isaiah: 'The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand.'

The third statue is of Daniel in the early prime of manhood, with a face full of intelligence and thought. Above are the words from Daniel: 'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.'

The fourth statue is of Solomon, with a noble and graver countenance. An uplifted finger betokens a teacher of his fellow-men. Above are the words from I. Kings: 'Thou has not asked for thyself long life, neither hast thou asked riches.'

The dome is lighted by eight windows in the clerestory. From the highest point of each of the four large arches of the transepts hangs a beautiful lamp in bronze and gold, given by the Prince of Wales.

The monument in the centre of the mau-

soleum is taken from designs by the late Baron Marochetti, and the white marble recumbent figure of the Prince Consort, which is so wonderfully life-like, was his last work. The Prince was buried in his Field Marshal's uniform. Marochetti thus represented him; but over the uniform are thrown the robes of a Knight of the Order of the Garter.

The tomb itself is a genuine sarcophagus made large in order to hold both the Prince Consort and the Queen, wrought out of a single block of grey Aberdeen granite from the Cairngal quarries. It is said to be the largest piece of wrought granite in existence without a flaw. It stands on a plinth of black marble given by the King of the Belgians.

The body of the Prince rests within the sarcophagus on the left hand side, directly under the white marble effigy, and on that side of the monumental tomb is the following inscription in letters of gold:—

Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel,
Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,
Prince Consort.

Second son of Ernest reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha,

Born at the Rosenau, near Coburg,
Aug. 26, 1819.

Married Feb. 10, 1840, to
Victoria.

Queen of Great Britain and Ireland,
Died at Windsor, Dec. 14, 1861.

At each angle of the sarcophagus is an angel in bronze, with clasped hands kneeling. Their large extended wings seem to give support to the lid of the sarcophagus, on which lies the sculptured form. Collars round the angels' necks bear these brief texts:—

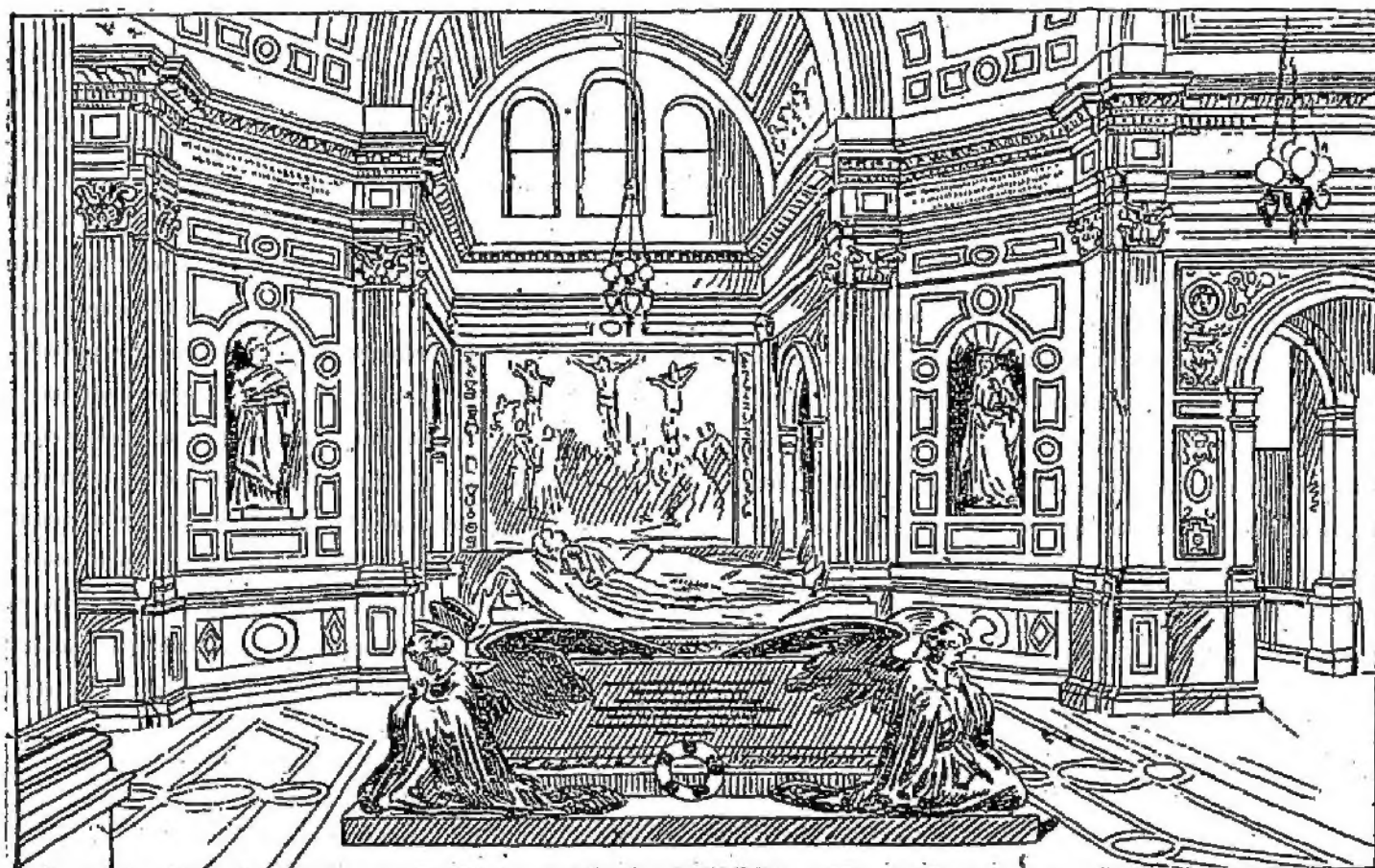
'Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.'

'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.'

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

In the arch over the brass entrance gates is a painting by Consoni, with the text:—
'Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice.'



INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE.

Four chapels recede from the octagon, which are marked in the ground plan by figures. In the first recess or entrance chapel the ceiling is decorated with a painting representing the soul in happiness, copied by T. Frankl from a sketch by the Princess Royal. On either side of the entrance gates are paintings of St. Peter and St. Paul. St. Peter holds the keys.

In the second or left recess or chapel of the Nativity the ceiling is decorated with a painting of the Annunciation by T. Frankl, after Raphael.

In the third or centre recess or chapel of the Resurrection, on the ceiling, is a painting of the Ascension. Below stands a small table of pure white marble. On it lie two books; at one end the Queen's Book of Common Prayer, plainly bound in purple; at the other, a Bible presented to Prince Albert by the University of Oxford in 1841.

In the fourth or right recess, or Chapel of the Crucifixion, the ceiling is decorated with a picture of the 'Bearing of the Cross,' by T. Frankl. The large picture of the 'Crucifixion' is by Consoni, kept as nearly as possible to Raphael's style.

All these treasures of art have been almost hidden treasures. So secluded are the surrounding gardens that the black-birds, thrushes and nightingales might well think these groves and lawns were made for their undisturbed enjoyment. The gates were never opened except for two or three hours on Dec. 14, after the Royal Family had met in the mausoleum to join in a short service, at which the Dean of Windsor officiated. The choir of St. George's Chapel sang selected psalms and hymns. Before they separated the Queen, her children and grandchildren placed wreaths of immortelles round the sarcophagus. When the carriages had driven away the people would try to flock in, but very few of the many who longed to enter had the privilege or could obtain permission to do so.

Little Ned.

On my way to visit some families who lived by the river-side, I rested a few moments to complete the perusal of a little book which I had been reading. I had scarcely sat down when I thought I heard a rustling among the bushes behind me. I listened and heard one say: 'Oh, God, I'm in a great big world, I dinna hae a friend, but my teacher bade me to pray if I was in a strait.' I was a little startled at the time, but went over the paling to see who it was, and on reaching the spot, I found a young lad lying very helpless. On asking him how it was that he was here, he related to me the following painful story: 'I'm no weel, an' I was just trying to go down to the Parochial Board; but I wasna' able, so I lay down here, oot 'o sicht. My father is deid langsyne, an' my mither ran awa' and left me and my wee brither; but he is awa' to a big toon, an' I was wonderin' if the Parochial Board wud send me, tae.' Such was my introduction to 'Little Ned.' I helped him up, and into the town, and found that no present relief could be got from the Board.

I then secured lodgings for him, and provided him with something to eat; and after he was finished, I took the opportunity of speaking to him about his soul and about Jesus coming into this world to save the lost. He looked me right in the face, and said, 'Oh, sir, dae ye think I wud hae ony chance wi' God? Ye see I canna read.' I then left him in charge of the

woman to see to his wants. In a week or two after this he seemed to have become deeply interested, and expressed a wish to be taught to read. He was very stiff to start in learning, but was soon able to master the little words, and often amused himself in his lodgings by spelling the little words, and finding out their meaning.

By this time he had got a little better, and it was thought advisable to send him to the country for a change, but he seemed very unwilling to go. When I asked him his reasons, he replied, 'I'm feared to gang awa', for ye ken my soul is no saved yet. I have prayed and prayed and dune what ye bade me, but I canna see throo't.' Just at this time a young man from one of our large towns visited him, and spoke to him from the text, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and said, 'You see it is whosoever believeth in him should not perish, not whosoever readeth, but whosoever believeth.' At this time, a little light dawned into his mind, and he took up the New Testament, and said, 'Oh, Jesus, I wish I was able to read your Word.'

During his stay in the country, he did not get any better, and came back again very much cast down. A Christian neighbor, a true soul-winner, who won his heart's affections and confidence, often went to see him. One day he said to her, 'I just ken enough to make me sad. I ken a gey lot about sin; naeboddy needs to tell me about that. If I was to tell ye a' that I ken, I would fleg you. I dinna ken muckle about Jesus, but I would like to ken that I was saved.'

She spoke with him very kindly, and prayed with him, and then said, 'Now, go to your own room, and give yourself right away to Jesus, telling him that he said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."' From that day he never doubted his own interest in the Saviour. One day after that, as he sat by the fire-side, he said, 'Mony a day I sat beside you, and wondered, and wearied, and was feared about my soul, but I'm no feared noo, for I ken Jesus, an' he kens me.' He was often heard saying, 'Precious Jesus, I canna' read your Bible, but I ken yoursel', and you have said you will never leave me.' He was very much overcome the first time he heard these words of the Psalmist, 'When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' He asked if Jesus had said these words, and said, 'Ay, he kent a' about it.'

Very often he was anxious about his mother, and would often say, 'I wish I knew where she was, for I would like to see her and speak to her.' During the winter he heard that she was in one of our large cities, and as we saw that his stay here would not be long, we made enquiry about her, found her out, and sent word to her, that if she wanted to see him, she might come out. The following day we received a letter, stating that she would come to see him on Saturday. He looked so pleased, and said, 'I hope she will not come "drunk."' When Saturday came, he wearied very much for the hour which would bring them together. The meeting was a very touching one, as is very often the case when a lost mother and child meet. Though much overcome, he did not seem to have much to say. He asked for his little brother, and said: 'Do you think he will dee like me? He'll no hae ony body to tell him about Jesus.' He wished her

to sit near him, and seemed as if he had something to say to her; so we left them alone for a time, and he told her how he was saved, and that he was going to heaven, and that he would like to meet her there. He told her 'that Jesus was able to save her, as he had saved big sinners afore noo.' But all that she wanted to know was, if he could not give her some help, or if he could not spare some of the money that was given him to pay his board. He was very much troubled at this, and turned his face to the wall and wept bitterly. Some days after, he said, 'Weel, I have seen my mother, but I do not want to see her again, for she is still living in sin and all that I can do is to pray for her.'

One day that hymn was sung to him:—

'Washed in the blood of the Lamb,'

and he said, 'It will soon be my turn to go through the gates, for I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.' He seemed to have no fear of the valley of the shadow of death. Two days before he died, he asked his friend and myself to sit down beside him. 'Now,' he says, 'I'm gaun awa', and I canna thank ye richt for a' you have dune for me. Aye, when I was goin' to do it, there was something grew in my throat, which was like to choke me. Siller would pay some folk for a' they hae done; but siller would never pay you. But Jesus will pay you when you come home.' During the following day he was very ill, and had a severe struggle. His friend took hold of his hands but he pushed her away, and after he came round he looked up and said, 'You wasna' angry wi' me for doin' yon, for I was feared I would cling to you. I want to be wholly Christ's.' Soon after he calmly passed away, his latest words being, 'I'll be looking out for you on Canaan's happy shore.'

This poor lad had not long known the story of the cross, but its teachings had touched his heart, and he clung to the Saviour with unquestioning and childlike trust. How blessed it would be if, like him, every Sabbath scholar could from the heart say, 'I ken Jesus, and Jesus kens me.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN EPHESIANS.

Feb. 17, Sun.—Put on the whole armor of God.

Feb. 18, Mon.—We wrestle not against flesh and blood.

Feb. 19, Tues.—Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth.

Feb. 20, Wed.—And having on the breastplate of righteousness.

Feb. 21, Thur.—Taking the shield of faith.

Feb. 22, Fri.—The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Feb. 23, Sat.—Praying always.

Practice teaching the lesson in your mind if you can't in any other way, before going to your class. Distinction in any line in most cases, has been achieved through much practice. Right here in our own city we have an illustration of that. A young man who exhibited very little oratorical ability, yet patiently studied and practiced the art of speaking, and for months each day practiced his piece as before large audiences, and so each time he has appeared on the stage has won fresh laurels as a speaker. And is the responsibility of teaching God's Word to immortal souls of less value than worldly honors? S. S. Teacher.

Little Prince Valentine.

(By Rosa Graham, in the 'Independent'.)

'No valentines?'

It was St. Valentine's Day, and it was Peggy who gave this doleful cry—Peggy curled up on the window-seat, with eyes just ready to drip over from their weight of tears. The long day almost she had sat there, listening, with beating heart, to the postman's whistle; waiting eagerly till he, or some private messenger, should bring her her valentines.

She would have them, of course, (she had always had as many as she was years of age); all marvels in satin and gold and lace, as they had been heretofore. This year she would have eight; and happy Peggy had thought of little, day and night, for a week past but those eight sweet valentines.

Not till the big clock in the hall struck four, and the sun suddenly popped down behind the tall buildings opposite, did Peggy even begin to doubt. They would come, of course. She would be gladder for the long waiting, and they, perhaps, the prettier for the delay. But—four o'clock?

Peggy started in sudden fright. Four o'clock, and no valentines! Where were they, and what could it mean? Four o'clock and the night coming on, when the postman and messenger would go home to sleep, and no door-bells would ring any more.

'No valentines?'

It was a despairing cry, and despairingly, indeed, she pressed her hands to her aching heart, while her eyes dripped over; and the tears, one, two, twenty, now dropped fast down her cheeks. One moment; the next an expression of wrath lit up her face.

'They never, never was so late before,' she cried, 'and there just ain't any at all a-comin'. That's all there is about it, Peggy Grey. I just know one thing, if that's the way there's going to treat me, I won't sit any more. I'll never sit for valentines as long as I live again. It's the meanest kind of a way to know somebody's goin' to sit, and to disappoint 'em so. Oh! I'm so tired—so tired—so tired; and all—just—for—'

But Peggy, vexed as she was, could say no more. There would come no valentines. She was sure of that. And the excitement over, she found herself so weary from the long watch that she could only open her mouth and yawn, and yawn, and yawn. Suddenly her head bobbed sideways. Something black passed before her eyes; then, as suddenly again, something white and dazzling fluttered down into her lap.

A shower of snowflakes, Peggy thought. One tapped her nose sharply as it fell. She raised her hand, to ward off the others; and the next minute found herself sitting in the window-seat, with her lap full of valentines.

Wherever did they come from and whatever did it mean? Peggy at first rubbed her eyes disbelievingly; then she stared round the room, out of the window, and, lastly, up at the ceiling, as if expecting to see a hole there, through which they had tumbled down. Then she shook her head. She did not know; she could not think at all, at all.

Slowly she gathered up the valentines. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and a queer one at which despite her bewilderment, Peggy frowned a bit—nine. But this first natural bewilderment speed-



GOOD-NIGHT.

ily yielded to the joy the reality awoke. She had her valentines after all, come what way they did; and, with a merry cry, she broke the seal of the prettiest one. Such a radiant face as Peggy's when—

'Within the blue eyes peering,
See gilded sprites uprearing,
Border of roses gay;
Prettier still, midway,
Nestling where scroll half-folded lies,
Lace-wreathed, a group of maids, whose
eyes
Down-pointing, mischievous, yet wise,
Curious Peggy
Follows; reads pensive there:
Naught to my mind so fair,
Peggy Grey, or entrancing,
As small maids always chancing,
E'en though their own sweet way
Lacks to them every day,
Good-natured still and pleased to be.
This sometimes, Peg, we note in thee.'

'That's Uncle Hal, of course,' murmured Peggy, stopping to blush, again to frown a bit. But the lovely maids and the roses soon cleared her face, and she proceeded gaily to undo the rest.

Two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—what a lucky maid was Peggy! How her eyes brightened and her cheeks glowed,—

'As well they might, for, rich in grace
Of tender words, in gorgeous lace,
In gold and satin, wreaths and vines,
Were all this maiden's Valentines,

All radiant in waxen hearts,
In laughing Cupids and in darts,
Save one—'

Save one! Peggy, in her joy, had quite forgotten it. As if it realized it was a queer one and quite out of place in such gay company, Number Nine had slipped in among the folds of Peg's apron, and it was not until that happy maid gathered up her valentines the second time that she shook it out to view.

With a deeper frown, she took it up again. The plainest of white envelopes; not a rose, not a leaf; nothing to relieve its plainness, but the scrawling address that spelled her name 'Peggy' and two blots of ink above. Had any one dared send her a comicer? Peggy's eyes snapped as she tore off the wrapper. She made ready to scowl fiercely at the ugly face she quite expected to see within. She saw, instead, a plain paper, with a simple vine painted around it, and beneath the words:

'I send this valentine to Peg
Because I love her.
'Daisy Gregg.'

Peggy read the words and smiled. 'Oh, I remember!' she thought. 'Tom Tyler threw beans at her, and I took her part, and she's seemed to like me ever since.'

But, somehow, Peg did not seem to care much for the love of Daisy. She folded up the valentine, threw it aside, and began

looking over the prettier ones, wondering who had sent this one and that one and the other one; presently again wondering how ever they had come. And as she sat in the gray light, looking, thinking, suddenly again she opened her mouth, and began to yawn, and yawn, and yawn. Again her head bobbed sideways, something black passed before her eyes, and the next thing she saw was a little man, about as tall as a wine-bottle, standing on the window-seat.

He was the funniest and the prettiest little man that Peggy had ever seen. He was dressed in a pink satin coat, a blue satin waistcoat, and cherry-colored pants, all trimmed with the richest lace. His hat was of white satin, stuck all around with golden arrows; wreaths and vines hung from his neck and waist, and in the centre of his breast was fastened a waxen Cupid, almost as big as himself.

'How do you do, little maid?' he said, in a soft, musical voice, and bowing low to Peggy.

Peggy stared at him in pleased surprise. 'How do you do?' she answered, slowly. 'And whoever are you, in the world?'

'You should know me by my dress, little maid. I am the Prince of Valentines.'

'The Prince of Valentines!' echoed Peggy. 'I never heard of him. I know Saint Valentine; but, then, he can't be you. You look just—just like a valentine; but you don't look much like a saint, sir.'

A grim smile played around the little man's lips. 'That's what they've been telling you, is it, little maid? Then I suppose you've heard tell how I was beaten with sticks, and had my head chopped off, some sixteen hundred years ago. Now come! Have you heard it, Peggy?'

'Uncle Hal read me somethin' about it, yesterday—y-e-s—' answered Peggy, with eyes wide open with amaze.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the little man. 'That's all they know about me, and all they ever will. Do I look as though I had my head chopped off, Peggy?'

'Oh, no! You're beautiful, sir; and, of course, you couldn't be—you couldn't be sixteen hundred years old.'

'Sixteen hundred!' cried Prince Valentine. 'I'm older than that. Why, I'm as old as Love is, Peggy, though I haven't been known so long. Do you know Love—eh! wee maid?'

'Yes; but I don't understand—I can't at all understand, sir,' murmured Peggy, staring at him. 'I never heard of the Prince of Valentine. I know Saint Valentine; but—'

'Oh, I'll soon make it plain to you,' interrupted the little man. 'Some sixteen hundred years ago there was a man living named Valentine, and some wicked folks did beat him with sticks and chopped off his head; and then some others made him a saint; and somehow—I suppose it was because I was just on the point of becoming known then—they got him mixed up with me, and they've called me Saint Valentine ever since. Well, I humored them in it. It's all the same what they call me down here, Peg; but in my own land I'm the Prince of Valentine, who one day in the year rules all the world and spends the rest of the year preparing for it. And now, my dear little blue-eyed dumpling of a maiden, if you have no objection, I would like to take you home with me.'

Peggy's eyes glistened. To think of going to Valentine's land, with this lovely little man!

'Oh!' she said, 'I guess I won't object.

But how'll we get there? Will we walk?'

'No, no,' replied Prince Valentine. 'I couldn't walk here, you see. Just you—' With these words he turned suddenly, and, holding out his satin coat-tails, motioned for Peggy to take hold. One in each hand, wonderingly she grasped them; then suddenly—whisk through the window they went, away, away, away, up over the tops of the houses, on, on, skipping through the air at lightning speed, till, finally, just as bewildered Peggy was beginning to lose her breath, they dropped to the ground at the edge of a little stream.

Over this stream stretched a bridge of silver worked with gold, so bright that, for a minute, it quite blinded Peggy's staring eyes.

'Look up!' cried the little man.

Peggy obeyed; and on an arch above read the words: 'This way to Fancy Land.'

'Come now,' continued Prince Valentine, 'any one can walk in Fancy Land.' And he strode on at such a brisk trot that Peggy—light as her feet felt—found it hard to keep up with him. On he went, over the golden planks; on to the ivory pavement that met them just beyond; on through the mazes of bright-hued flowers that bordered the pathway; in and out the side-paths between the trees, among the low-arched branches of which the gayest of birds were singing; on past the silver rivulets, and falls, and lakes, nowhere so bright as in Fancy Land. And on followed Peggy, scarcely daring at first to touch the pavement, gazing enraptured at the gay flowers and the silver waters, drinking in enchantedly the sweet music of the birds; and all amid the vague, sweet, fancy that sometime she had been there before.

As they trotted on a good bit into Fancy Land, high golden fences began to appear beside the roadway, with doors in the centre, bearing printed signs. At each Peggy gave a little start and a cry of joy. The first sign read: 'Candy Land'; and, just within the open door she could see the trees and bushes drooping low with their weight of cream-drops and other sugar favorites of hers, all ripe and ready to pick. Over a second door she read 'Dream Land,' and caught a glimpse of shadowy pictures and figures, some of which she recognized. Over the third, which was closed, 'Santa Claus Land' stood out in glaring letters, with a smaller sign over the door-knob, reading, 'Open in December.'

Oh! how Peggy would have liked to stop just a minute to pick a cream-drop; just to tap at Santa Claus's door to ask if he were at home; but the little man gave her no chance. On he went, never stopping once his brisk trot, till the fourth door came in view, when he suddenly paused, grasped his satin coat-tails, and began dancing up towards it, as though he were quite wild with joy.

Peggy, looking up, saw 'Valentine Land' written above this door. How tickled he is to get home; and just at that moment a dozen or more little creatures, no taller than lead pencils, came rushing out of the doorway, and began dancing around the Prince of Valentine, as though they, too, were wild with joy.

'These are some of my valentine makers,' said the little man to Peggy, as, after a minute, he pushed the dancers aside and motioned her to come on. 'These spin the lace for all.'

'Valentine makers!' exclaimed Peggy, surprised. 'I thought valentines were made—were made—'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the little man, as Peggy, a bit puzzled, paused. 'You thought they were made—where? Come, now, did you ever hear where they were made at all?'

'Well, no; not exactly.'

'Nor who made them, little maid?'

'Well, no; not exactly. I know they buy 'em in stores, and I thought—'

'Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!' It seemed as though the little man would never stop laughing; and the other little creatures joined in; and, despite her surprise, so did Peggy; and so merrily they passed into Valentine Land.

A beautiful land it was. A land of flowers and birds and silver waters, more beautiful even than those without; and plump in the centre a tiny crystal palace, that shone like a diamond in the sunlight. Up the steps the little man led Peggy, and proceeded to show her through the rooms.

'There is my workshop,' he said, 'and here has been made every valentine that has been made since the world began.' As he spoke, he opened a door and led the way into an apartment full of long counters, on which stood more little creatures, stamping cupids out of great sheets of wax and gold. Through this they passed to another, where they found the little lace-makers spinning again for dear life to make up the time they had lost; through to another, where hearts and arrows were being carved by still more of these tiny beings; through where great rolls of satin were being snipped; through where wreaths and vines were being painted and twined; till, finally, they reached a larger room, full of empty counters, where the Prince paused a bit.

'This is the finishing-room,' he said; 'the place where we put the valentines together when the parts are all prepared. We're through now for this year, you see; but tomorrow we'll begin to put together for the next. We are such little people, Peggy, and, no matter how hard we work, it takes us the whole, whole year.'

He opened another room as he finished.

'This is the copy-room,' he continued; 'for we keep copies of all our valentines. You will see one here of every valentine that has been made since the world began.'

Peggy entered this room with even greater curiosity than she had entered any of the others. With eyes extended, she walked through, starting as the familiar valentines she had received loomed up, with those of other people she knew, one by one, till finally she saw grouped at the far end of the room those she had received to-day.

Peggy could not help a funny smile as she saw Daisy's among the rest. It looked so very plain, spread open amid them. She wondered if Prince Valentine knew it was hers, and she was on the point of making a little apology for it, when her guide suddenly threw open another door.

'This,' he said, 'is the love-room.'

Peggy, peeping in, saw nothing but what looked like bundles of cobwebs piled high up against the walls.

'Is that love?' she asked, pointing to them with a mystified stare.

'Yes, that's love,' replied the little man.

'And the last thing to do to a valentine is to pack it in. Oh! you should see the pounds we trick away. Why, I put five pounds in that little one alone.' As he spoke, he pointed back in the copy-room to Daisy's.

Peggy gave a cry of surprise.

'Oh! I didn't think—' she began; but Prince Valentine interrupted her.

"You didn't think that was of much consequence," he said, eyeing her, for the first time, sharply and reprovably. "Don't you make that mistake, Peggy Grey. Let me tell you this lace and satin and all is just the frame the love is set in. It would all be nothing without the love. And sometimes we pack the most in the plainest frames. Some of the wise people down in your world will tell you to look at the motive, rather than the value of a gift; and that's the idea exactly. Don't you forget it, Peggy Grey!"

"I won't," said Peggy, softly, while she blushed as rosy as the little man's pants. "But, please—oh! please tell me how they get into the stores."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried this jolly Prince Valentine. "I mustn't forget to tell you that. You see, when we finish the valentines, we—"

"Peggy! wake up! Wake up!"

This was the cry that suddenly broke in on the conversation, and as suddenly Peggy found herself back in the window-seat, with Cook Betsy at her side.

"Wake up!" she echoed, amazedly. "How can I wake up when I haven't been asleep? I've been to Fancy Land, Betsy, with the little Prince of Valentine. And, oh, dear! how did I get back here so soon? Just as he was tellin' me how the valentines got in the stores, and I was goin' to ask where all the comicers were; and oh, dear! Betsy what does it all mean?"

"It means you've been dreaming," replied Cook Betsy, laughing. "You fell asleep just as the postman brought the valentines. He opened the window and threw them in; and that only waked you long enough to read 'em, and then you bobbed off to sleep again. You've had a very nice dream, I suppose; and that's all there is about it."

Peggy turned to the window and frowned a bit to herself.

"If it's a dream," she murmured, "I'll just sit for it again. I'll sit for little Prince Valentine every chance that I can get."

But, though Peggy tried it often, to her great sorrow, little Prince Valentine never came that way again.

My Laddie.

(By Harriett F. Blodgett.)

Oh, have you seen my laddie?

You'll know him by his eyes,
As clear and true, as bright and blue
As bits of summer skies;

And by his head so bonny,
You'll think from every hair
A web was spun to catch the sun
And keep it shining there.

His lips are curving like a bow,
His teeth gleam white between,
Like roses red in a garden bed
His smooth young cheeks are seen.

Oh! if you see my laddie
Just whisper in his ear,
That, day and night, all my delight
Is thinking of my dear—

Is thinking of my dearie,
And long as suns may shine,
Or rivers flow, or winds do blow
He is my Valentine.

Both in the army and afterwards on returning to civil life, the abstaining soldier has the best career. Banish drink from the barracks and crime would disappear. Whether in peace or war, men are happier, healthier, and better behaved without alcoholic drink.—Col. Ferguson.

Tom Hartwell's Way.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Herald'.)

When they came home from the funeral of Tom's father, Mrs. Hartwell and the children sat down to supper, alone for the first time in a week. During the days of Mr. Hartwell's illness, neighbors had been coming and going, and the excitement had been intense; the whole thing, his breaking down without warning, the fierce fever and the heart-failure at last, had been so sudden and so sweeping, like thunder out of a clear sky, like a cyclone coming in fury, that there had been no time for thought or fear. Then the funeral had brought relatives. Aunt Jane and her boys from West Chester, Uncle Charley and his wife from Boston, Lewis Bond and his sister, second cousins from New York. All these had taken their leave at once after the burial, and the widow and her son and daughters came back to look their poverty and desolation in the face. Mr. Hartwell had never had a large income, but his salary had sufficed for the needs of his family. They had not known how to save, and the utmost they had been able to do was to keep out of debt. Mrs. Hartwell was not only broken-hearted with grief, but in despair at the thought of the future.

She undressed her little Jessie and Frances, put them to bed, and then came back to Tom, sitting forlornly by the lamp with his books.

Mrs. Hartwell came over to him, put her arms around his neck and broke down in a tempest of weeping.

"Mother, mother, mother!" cried Tom, at his wit's end, "dear mother, don't cry so, don't."

He tried his best to comfort her. After a while she dried her eyes and said:

"Do you know, Tom, dear, that we are just as poor as we can be, that we cannot live any longer in this house, that I don't know where our bread is to come from? All I do know is that the Lord will not forsake your father's children."

She said this very solemnly and Tom felt awed. It was almost as if there were an invisible Presence in the room.

"I can make fancy cakes and confectionery, I can keep house, I can sew, I cannot do anything else; and you, Tom, are too young to earn much. The little girls are mere babies yet and must be taken care of."

Tom looked up. He seemed somehow taller and older than he had been an hour ago. He took the books, laid them on the shelf, and said to his mother:

"I will be the man of the house, mother dear. We will pray and work. The Lord will provide. That is what father always said."

They knelt down together and said their nightly prayer, and then they went to bed. The tired out, sorrowing wife slept. They had not three dollars in the house, and winter was coming.

Early in the morning Tom rose, made a fire in the stove, swept the kitchen, set the table and ground the coffee. Its pleasant aroma was diffused through the house when his mother and the little girls came down. As they sat down to breakfast the postman's whistle sounded and a letter was handed to Mrs. Hartwell.

As she opened it a crisp new bill for fifty dollars dropped to the floor. Tom picked it up and his mother read aloud:

"Dear Madam,—Your late husband was honored and beloved by all his associates in the bank; we have ventured thus to lay

our flowers on his grave, in the hope that you will appreciate our motive, and believe in the depth of our mourning and our sympathy with you in this hour. Mr. Hartwell, we think, would like this better than a sheaf of perishing lilies or a mound of fading roses.

"Very faithfully yours."

And then followed a long list of names.

"Did I not tell you, mother, the Lord would provide?" said Tom.

The day passed slowly and strangely, but there was much to do. Now and then a neighbor called for a few moments. At noon a carriage stopped at the door and a man alighted and left a large covered basket for Mrs. Hartwell, with Mrs. Murray's kind regards. It contained a turkey beautifully roasted, a mould of cranberry jelly, mashed potatoes, turnips, bread, butter, and a mince pie, a delicious dinner ready for the table. As they rose from the meal, the postman came again, bringing another letter. This time it was from a lawyer in New York, and old friend of Mr. Hartwell. The writer said:—"I know something of the state of affairs when death comes suddenly, and of the many expenses which throng at such a time. Will you accept for your husband's sake the trifle I enclose?"

It was a check for one hundred dollars. Mrs. Hartwell knelt down and thanked God. With the money thus put in her hands, she proceeded to carry out a little scheme. She bought flour, sugar, butter and eggs, and began to make delicious cakes for women in the town who did not understand the art, or were too busy to make cake, for traveller's luncheons, for picnics, weddings and church fairs. Her small beginning was very modest and involved no special risk. Tom took a basket on his arm, delivered the goods, and went about to solicit orders. In the evening when he had a moment to spare, he pegged away at his studies.

One day he returned from a round of delivery with a flushed face and an air of resolution.

"Mother," he said, "Judge Arnold's wife is ill, and the nurse has gone away. The children are neglected, and the judge says he will give anybody twenty dollars a month who will take care of them from eight o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. Could not I take the job?"

"You, Tom?"

"I have thought it all out. You have Carrie (a little maid who had been taken from a Home) to help you with the baking, and she could carry the cakes home as well and as safely as I do. The twenty dollars would be clear gain."

"But my dear boy, nursing is work for girls. People may make fun of you if they see you wheeling a baby carriage."

Tom drew himself up and held his head high. "I don't care who makes fun of me, mother, if I know I am doing right."

"It will be hard work," said his mother, "but I cannot withhold my consent. This is a very difficult place for Mrs. Arnold to find the right kind of help in, and I know you will be kind to the little ones, even if you have not much experience."

For several weeks the high-school boys were disposed to smile, but there is a great deal in taking a firm stand, and when they found that their laughter did not annoy Tom, it soon ceased. One lad, a leader among them, declared that he liked Hartwell's pluck. It took real sand, he added, to do that sort of work.

"That is a very dear boy," said the judge's wife months after when she was

able to go about again, and Tom was no longer needed. 'He did everything for my babies as deftly as a woman could, and with twice the conscience.'

'He is a Christian soldier, mama,' said little Robert gravely.

'I have studied Tom Hartwell,' said the judge. 'There is rare good stuff in him and I shall take him into my office and give him a life. If Tom Hartwell wants to study law, I will see that he has an opportunity.'

Thomas Hartwell is to-day a practising attorney. He made his way through college after a while and studied law with Judge Arnold. He is more than a lawyer, he is a thorough-going, earnest, sincere Christian, one who is in the forefront of every noble Christian endeavor. His mother no longer has to bake her little cakes. Tom can take care of her. The Lord never goes back on his own.

Dick's Valentines.

(By Judith Spencer, in the 'Independent'.)

The country road was lonely and long and narrow, and the snow lay piled up in huge drifts all along one side.

Just as Dick Hartley was thinking that the distance between the schoolhouse and his home seemed longer than ever this wintry afternoon, he heard a mad jingle of sleigh bells behind him and, turning quickly, he saw a runaway come dashing into sight.

Dick saw that one broken rein was dangling from the horse's head, and he thought with a shudder of the dangerous turn in the road, just a little beyond. Then, as the horse came dashing onward, he sprang forward, caught hold of the bridle, and hung on to it with all his strength, shouting, 'Whoa! whoa!'

The horse, thus suddenly checked, reared and plunged violently, and slipping on the frozen snow, the next instant he was down, and the sleigh overturned behind him. And then Dick scrambled quickly up and sat down on his head, to keep him quiet.

'Well done, my lad!' cried the man who had been spilled out into the snowdrift, when he found that no damage had been done.

Together they got the horse on his legs again—quite subdued now in the surprise of his downfall. Then they righted the sleigh and mended the broken rein.

When the man had settled himself in the sleigh again he good-naturedly bade the boy 'jump in.' And Dick needed no second bidding.

The stranger soon learned that his young companion was Dick Hartley, the eldest of four children, whose father had been but two months dead. They lived in a little house just beyond the village across the bridge; and Dick was studying hard and trying to grow strong and manly, so that he could soon go to work and help his mother and look out for 'the youngsters.'

The stranger eyed him keenly. 'Suppose,' he said, 'that instead of succeeding in your attempt to stop my horse just now, you had been thrown down and badly hurt. It might have happened, you know; and what would you have done and your mother have said then?'

Dick was very serious for a moment. Then he looked up and said, frankly: 'I never thought of that, though, as you say, it might have happened. But you see, sir, my father always told me not to think too much of what might happen to myself, but if I saw another fellow in any trouble to go right ahead and try to help him out.

He always did that way, and I know that though mother would feel very bad if anything should happen to me, I guess she'd rather I'd get hurt trying to help somebody than have me stand aside, like a coward, just to save my skin. And besides, mother always said that the Lord watches over and helps those who try to help others as well as to help themselves.'

'Your father and mother have taught you well, my lad!' said the stranger. 'Stick to their teachings always, and you'll make a good, brave man. But come now, another conundrum! If I should give you a quarter—not to take home to your mother, you understand—but to spend "right off," what would you buy with it?'

Dick's eyes gleamed as he thought of the dozen things he wanted, oh, so much! It was hard to decide at the moment which one he really wanted most. 'I hardly know, sir,' he said slowly.

Then suddenly he thought of the three little wistful faces he had seen pressed against the windowpane as he started for school that morning, and he laughed with pleasure at the idea which came to him. 'Something for the youngsters,' he cried; 'of course I would! Poor little kids—it's Valentine Day, and they haven't had a single one!'

'Well, here it is,' said the stranger, smiling kindly.

'Thank you, sir!—and thank you for the ride!' cried Dick. They were now just entering the village street. 'I guess I'll get down here. And—I'm awfully glad I met you, sir! Good-by!'

Oh, but Dick found it hard to decide upon his valentines, though the assortment at the village store was small. He had made up his mind that his mother must have one, too; and just as he was trying to pick out the prettiest of them all for her, he remembered how many things she really was in need of, and that although St. Valentine's Day had not been observed, 'the youngsters' had had no Christmas celebration, either.

'I'll get them presents instead!' said Dick. And then the difficult work of selection began all over again.

It took so long that when Dick left the store he found that the twilight was closing in. He hastened on, and over the bridge to the little white house where the lamps were already lighted, earlier than was usual, he thought, as he saw their gleam.

They were all in the dining-room when he entered, and the children seemed to be talking all at once.

'Hello!' Dick shouted gaily, 'Mother, Polly, Tom, Bobby—guess what I've got for you!'

'Hello!' echoed flaxen-haired Bobby, 'dessa wot I've dot for 'oo!'

Dick paused on the threshold in amazement.

His mother was smiling for the first time in many weeks. And by her side sat the stranger whose acquaintance Dick had made in the snowdrift! And Tom was hanging over his shoulder, while Polly and Bobby were perched in the friendliest fashion, one on either knee.

'It's Uncle Rob!' they all cried out together. And through the merry chorus of their voices came the uncle's hearty greeting.

'Wot oo dot?' queried little Bob at last, his bright eyes fascinated by the odd-shaped package in his brother's hand.

'Valentines!' laughed Dick, with a quick glance at his uncle. 'Queer enough ones, to be sure; but I guess you'll like them all the same!'

First there was a pancake turner for his mother; for her old one was broken past repair; and then two tiny dolls to rejoice the heart of Polly, with a beautiful big china 'alley' for Bobby, and a good peg top for Tom.

There were all delighted, of course; and Uncle Robert seemed amazed that any quarter could have been made to go so far.

And while the mother, between smiles and tears was preparing to use her boy's thoughtful 'Valentine' at supper time, and 'the youngsters' were gloating over their new toys, Uncle Rob was renewing his acquaintance with his manly young nephew, and telling him how he had come back from the far west where he had been so long, to take care of them all, and to make them happy and comfortable.

The Vesper Bell.

There have been times
When vesper chimes
Lent music to the eve,
And calmed the strife
Of toilsome life
With their sweet-tongued reprieve.

The balmy air
Would do its share
And waft the peal away,
And ring the bell
In hall and cell
And where the cripple lay.

Valleys and lanes
Were 'live with swains
And lovers from the bowe
And o'er the heights
Came dames and knights
To spend one pious hour.
In God's own fane

Knelt boor and thane,
Both one in Christ to pray.
The dying maid
A beadsman paid
Her orisons to say.

All earth was blessed
With hallowed rest,
The distaff made no sound,
When vesper bell
Rang out its spell,
All earth was holy ground.

E'en now the time's
Discordant chimes
Clang out o'er hill and dell,
But wealth, not prayer;
Not peace, despair,
Is their too frequent knell.

The toilers' gasp
In mammon's clasp
Is heard both night and day.
O for the power
To stop one hour
In which to weep and pray

O let the tears
Of pent up years
Drop silent from my eyes,
While I resign
All earth that's mine
To gain one hour for sighs.

When hearts are dead
All gold is lead,
And passions lead to crime:
When hearts unfold
E'en lead seems gold
And passions grow sublime.
—Hartwell Spurrier, in the 'Witness.'

Every man in his humor. 'World Wide' is a collection of the best writing on the most interesting subjects.

The Uninvited Guest.

(By Fanny A. Comstock.)

'Keep within the house, Betsy, and look well to the doors and windows. Be busy with the apples. 'Twill be but play for a smart wench to get them done before night; and, when they are strung, the spinning wheel stands ready.'

Such were the parting words of Hannah Doten, as she climbed into the waggon with her son Jonathan, and set forth to market with thirty pounds of fresh butter and the first new potatoes of the season. On the potatoes lay a gun; for those were the days when Indians lurked near white men's homes, and when wild beasts disputed the land with the new-comers.

The house to which Betsey Doten turned as her mother drove away, was a log cabin on a green bank by a brookside. Green fields and woods surrounded it; and, as far as the eye could reach, no other house was to be seen. Small wonder, then, that Betsy rejoiced to-day in having a companion — her cousin Lucy, whose welcome presence would rob the tedious hours of half their length.

'It would be a stout arm that could force that door,' said Lucy, merrily, as Betsy swung the thick door to its place, and laid the bars across. She was fastening the heavy window shutters when Lucy exclaimed:—

'Prithee, child, why make it a prison? Leave this window open. My father says there is little to fear in broad daylight. He thinks the Indians have passed us by this time; and, if they were coming, we know night is their time of a surety. Hurry and get the pot boiling, and then let me show you the new purse stitch. I learned it from Desire Bradford when I was in Plymouth. Her cousin brought it from England. As for the apples, never fear but we will cut them in a twinkling by and by.'

So Betsey made the stew, and left it to cook in the big iron kettle that hung over the fire, and, seating herself beside Lucy, gave a willing mind to the mysteries of the new stitch. Suddenly, Lucy laid down her needles, and put her curly head through the window.

'See, Betsy,' she said, 'how blue the sky is! I cannot breathe here.



MY BABY.

Come out a bit, and let us look for the berries that you say grow on the hillside. They will make a pretty sauce to our dinner.'

For a moment Betsey hesitated, for she remembered her mother's command to remain within doors; but Lucy was her guest, and not to be lightly refused. Besides, in her secret heart, she, too, longed for a run in the open air. The dark, close room was so dismal this bright morning. So, laying another stick on the fire, she put her misgivings in her pocket, along with her knitting; and, taking a pail, the two girls sallied forth.

'Ah, Betsey!' said Lucy, as they toiled up the hill where the berries grew thickest and sweetest, 'you should see the spinet in my aunt's drawing-room! And sweetly she plays it, too. There is but one thing I like better than to hear it, and that is to sit in her chamber and look at the beautiful silk frocks and the crimson velvet mantle wrought with silver. When I beg to look at them she spreads them on the bed, with the laces and high-heeled slippers and silk stockings. When I see them I wish we were all in England where

maidens wear such things, and keep their hands white and soft to play the spinet.'

Betsey looked at her little red hands, rough with working hard indoors and out, and hid them beneath her apron. For a moment she silently echoed Lucy's wish. Then, looking around on the rich green fields and thick woods, she said:—

'I would like to see England, but methinks I like this land too well to leave it. London would stifle me, and I would long for the sweet air of home. But, truly, those clothes whereof you speak must be marvellous fine. Prithee let me hear more tales.'

Had Lucy's stories been less fascinating, it might have been easier for Betsey to go back to the house of which her mother had left her to be the little mistress. But Betsey did not have an opportunity every day to hear of new silk gowns and balls and parties and all the delightful things that a girl with grown-up sisters at home and an aunt in Boston could tell. So the two girls loitered on the hillside, heedless how high the sun was climbing, till at last they recogniz-

ed by sure signs the near approach of dinner time, and turned homeward.

Laughing and chatting gayly, they approached the house, when suddenly, to their horror, they saw that a large bear had made his way through the open door, and was standing by the fire with his nose over the savory kettle. Lucy dropped her pail of berries and would have screamed but for Betsey's quick hand over her mouth. Cautiously they crept around the house to the open window; there, with frightened faces and wildly beating hearts, they stood and gazed at the intruder. The bear, which was an unusually large one, was apparently hungry; for he seemed to find the inviting odor of the dinner quite to his mind. It was easy to see that his dull brain was struggling with the difficulties of the situation. Indeed, he appeared to have already made advances to the hot kettle; for he stood on three legs holding the fourth carefully above the floor.

Suddenly, a thought seized Betsey. It was but a step, the thing was worth trying. Without a word to Lucy, she ran to the barn, and soon returned with a pitchfork. Leaning forward through the open window, with one swift motion, she dashed the cover of the kettle to the floor, letting the steam arise in a fragrant cloud, straight into Bruin's face. He drew back instantly, and with a fierce growl, terrible to hear, ran out of the house and down the road.

'Quick, Lucy!' said Betsey; and they darted into the house. It was but the work of a moment to bar the door and window; and through a loophole they watched the bear, as he turned into the woods and disappeared.

'Oh, Betsey! What if he had seen us when we were picking berries!' Said Lucy, sitting down in the middle of the floor and beginning to cry.

Betsey said nothing. But the thought uppermost in her mind was that she was glad he had not; for, if she was going to be eaten by a bear, she would rather be mind-ing her mother when she did it. Betsey had filled two bowls from the great kettle, and put them on the table, with a brown loaf and a dish of cold stirabout, before Lucy had finished wiping her eyes. Din-

ner proved very comforting; and, before they had half finished, they were frisking around the room, mimicking the clumsy gait of the bear, and seeing which could growl the louder.

Suddenly Betsey grew serious. 'The bear will eat the cows,' she said in dismal tones.

The three cows were pastured on the hill; and, if the bear made a meal of them, what would become of Mrs. Doten's butter money and all the good things it brought? Furthermore, Betsey's own pet cow, Queen Elizabeth, was not to furnish a supper for any bear if her young mistress could prevent it.

'I'm going after the cows,' said Betsey, firmly.

'The bear will eat you if you do,' said Lucy as firmly.

'No, he won't. He went the other way, and he won't come back in a hurry. But may be there are two. You must stay here, Lucy, and take care of the house, and let mother in when she comes back.'

Betsey looked at the corner where the guns were kept, for in those days girls knew how to load a gun and fire it. But one of them her mother had, and the other her father always took when he went for his long day's work in the field. She must trust to the pitchfork once more.

As Betsy ran down the path, Lucy's face grew very long. She did not like being alone, she did not like bears, and she did not like to think that she had enticed Betsey out to pick berries when her mother had told her to stay in the house. When she thought of Betsey going off alone so bravely, she felt very much dissatisfied with herself.

'Well,' she thought, 'I'm a poor slip beside Betsey; but, perhaps, if a body isn't made strong and bold there won't be so much expected. There's one thing I can do; I can cut apples.' And taking a knife and a needle, she began on the pile of apples in the corner, paring, slicing and stringing the pieces on long strings, according to Mrs. Doten's parting instructions.

Betsey did not meet the bear that was fond of hot kettles, nor any other bear. She found her cows, brought them home, fastened them in their places, and shut the barn door, and that was all. But it is not alone what happens,

but what we dread, as well, that makes cowards of us; and I think barefooted Betsey Doten, trudging along to meet a possible danger which never came, was as brave as if the bear had suddenly popped out from behind a tree, as he might have done any minute. Betsey was perfectly satisfied to have no second encounter; and, when her father praised her for taking such good care of the cows and her mother came home safe, glad to find the apples done and a hot supper waiting, she felt that her day had not been a failure after all.

'I'd give a barrel of butternuts to meet that bear with my gun,' said Betsey's brother, Jonathan. 'When can we go for him, father?'

It certainly was not convenient to have a bear quite so much at home; for cows must be pastured and women must carry butter to market. So very soon the farmers had a bear hunt, and Jonathan had a new bearskin coat that winter.—'Christian Register.'

Five Little Brothers.

Five little brothers set out together,

To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather

They hurried away, away—
One big brother, and three quite small,

And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark, and none too roomy,

And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,

And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest whispered: 'What do you say?'

Let's leave the carriage and run away.'

So they scampered out, the five together,

And off and away they sped;
When somebody found that leather carriage,

Oh, how she did shake her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as everyone knows.

And the five little brothers were five little toes.

—Waif.

'World Wide' is a journal of literary distinction, and is offered at an exceedingly low price.



LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 24.

Jesus in Gethsemane.

Matthew xxvi., 36-46. Memory verses,
39-41. Read Mark xiv., 32-42;
Luke xxii., 39-46.

Golden Text.

'Not my will, but thine be done.' (Luke
xxii., 42.)

The Bible Lesson.

36. Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

37. And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

38. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

39. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

40. And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?

41. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

42. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.

43. And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

44. And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

45. Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

46. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.

Suggestions.

After the Last Supper, Jesus and his disciples sang a hymn and went out to the Mount of Olives. As they were walking along, Jesus again spoke to them of the troubles which were about to come upon them, but comforted them with the assurance that after he had risen again, he, their Shepherd, would go before them into Galilee. But they only attempted to set aside his warning by declaring that nothing could disturb their loyalty and their determination to stay with him whatever might happen.

They came to the garden of Gethsemane, (the word Gethsemane means 'oil press'), where, amidst the olive trees our Lord was accustomed to find a quiet place for prayer. (John xviii., 1, 2.) Near the gate he left eight of his disciples, but he took Peter and James and John with him as he went farther into the gloomy shade, bidding them watch with him in this, his hour of deepest agony. But he left them and went farther on by himself, he must be alone in this hour of bitter sorrow, he must be alone with his Father. The awfulness of grief which came upon him was not the fear of death, being perfectly human he did naturally shrink from death, but that was not the cup which he prayed should pass from him, the bitterness of the cup must have been the awful load of the sins of the whole world, that load which he, the Lamb of God, was to bear away forever from the sight of God. Jesus tasted death for all men. (Hebrews xi., 9), and was made the sin-bearer for all mankind. (II. Cor. v., 21). The most vivid portrayal could not make us realize the abhorrence which a sinless nature feels for sin. Imagine the feelings of a 'perfectly healthy, clean per-

son who is confronted by the fact that he will presently be covered with a loathsome, corrupting disease, his horror and anguish would be extreme, yet this gives but a faint glimpse of the anguish which must have filled the heart of our Lord when he faced the fact that he, the sinless and holy Son of God, must, as Son of man and Saviour of the world, actually bear on his own heart the sins of all humanity.

In his agony of spirit Jesus cried to God that this bitterness might pass from him if it were possible, and he was heard, (Hebrews v., 7-9), God sent him strength and comfort by a mighty angel. Instead of removing the cup, God gave the strength to drink it, and from that hour of communion with God, Jesus came out with new strength and immovability of spirit, for every step now brought him nearer home, where he should again take up his robes of royalty and sit with his Father on his throne, having accomplished a life of perfect obedience. Now the betrayal, the trial, the cruel mocking and scourging, the crucifixion, the tomb—then Home.

But where were the disciples during this hour? Jesus had asked them to watch with him, to sympathize with and uphold him in their hearts, and they, who but a few moments before had declared that they were ready to die with him, could not even give him the human fellowship and sympathy for which he longed. They could not even watch with him through that hour of agony; they went to sleep. It was true that they did not realize his anguish, they could not have gone with him those last few steps into the gloom, but they might have been praying with and for him at the little distance. If they had watched then, they could not have been so ignominiously scattered later, when their leader was led away by the soldiers.

From these verses we may draw several lessons applicable to our own days. The first is the need of watching and prayer. Although our Lord had by precept and parable been endeavoring to impress upon his disciples the urgent necessity for watchfulness, yet, at the crucial moment they failed in this very point, and so will we unless we are in constant and humble dependence on God to keep us 'with our loins girded and our lamps lit.' (Luke xii., 35-37; Matt. xxv.)

Again we have a glimpse of the real heart-longing of Jesus for sympathy and fellowship with his disciples. The longing is as real now as then. Jesus wants our heart's first love, he has a right to more than formal homage. He wants not so much to be spoken about as to be spoken to. He longs to be treated as a friend, as a lover. No lover could bestow a more tender love than his, no mother could be so truly devoted, yet no mother or friend would be satisfied to take the place which too many Christians give to Jesus, to speak hesitatingly about his goodness once or twice a week, and to address a few hurried petitions to him once or twice a day!

It is true that the disciples could not go all the way with Jesus in that dark hour; many have suffered with Jesus since that hour, many have gone joyfully to the martyr's stake for love of him, yet never has one soul been called to undergo the agony which he suffered during that hour in Gethsemane—for he 'went a little farther' into the depths of anguish than any human soul could ever go. No matter how deep we get into sorrow, we may know that Jesus suffered more, no grief is too great for him to sympathize with.

There is always a place in sorrow which even our dearest friends cannot enter with us, just as the disciples could not go with Jesus, so for each sufferer there is a point which human sympathy cannot entirely reach, the soul must stand alone before God. The sorrowing one must be truly thankful if at such an hour his friends will truly sympathize and watch with him in their hearts, praying God to comfort and strengthen him.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Feb. 24.—Topic—Trust: 'Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength.'—Phil. iv., 4-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TRUSTING FOR STRENGTH.

Mon., Feb. 18.—God a refuge.—Ps. xci., 1-4.

Tues., Feb. 19.—How to work successfully.—Ps. xc., 17.

Wed., Feb. 20.—Working with Jesus.—John xv., 6, 7.

Thu., Feb. 21.—The strong Christian.—II. Cor. xii., 9, 10.

Fri., Feb. 22.—Our need of strength.—Isa. xl., 30, 31.

Sat., Feb. 23.—Its source.—Ps. xxvii., 1.

Sun., Feb. 24.—Topic—Pledge Meeting No. 1: 'Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength.'—Phil. iv., 12, 13.

Free Church Catechism.

23. Q.—How are we enabled to repent and believe?

A.—By the secret power of the Holy Spirit working graciously in our hearts, and using for this end providential discipline and the message of the gospel.

24. Q.—What benefits do we receive when we repent and believe?

A.—Being united to Christ by faith, our sins are freely forgiven for his sake; our hearts are renewed, and we become children of God and joint heirs with Christ.

25. Q.—In what way are we to show ourselves thankful for such great benefits?

A.—By striving to follow the example of Jesus in doing and bearing the will of our Heavenly Father.



A Sad Story

The wrongs which intemperance has inflicted upon helpless children constitute one of its direst curses. Strip it of every evil attribute but this one; and on this ground alone we denounce it, and all the means by which it is upheld. Why should children awaken to a consciousness of being amid misery? A mother's love is represented in Scripture as the most powerful instinct of the human bosom, but even this, whiskey has quenched.

Several years ago, when ragged schools were rare, a friend of mine, on dismissing his senior Sabbath class, was accosted by a stranger lad, who asked to be permitted to become a scholar. The youth was apparently about sixteen years of age, of diminutive size and plain features, and clad in humble, but scrupulously clean attire. On being informed that he was welcome to join the class, a tear glistened in his eye, and, with considerable confusion, he whispered, 'But, sir, I canna read yet. I have just put myself to the schule; only if ye will bear wi' me for a wee while, I'll do what I can to please ye. But, oh! I would like to come.' The statement and tone in which these words were spoken awakened surprise, and he was asked his name. The question seemed to excite deepest emotion, and he replied, 'Sir, I dinna ken my ain name; my maister says it's John Shaw.' 'What! have you no parents, or friends, or home?' His answer was, 'I have kenned little o' either in my lifetime. The only thing I mind o' is when my mither sell't me to J—D—, the sweep, for a half mutchkin o' whiskey, and I hae never seen her since.'

The truth of this extraordinary statement was soon certified in every particular. 'One evening John waited on me,' says my friend, 'with a kindled countenance, and said, "O sir, I have found my mother." It appeared that she was a notorious drunkard, and vagrant beggar, and that she had on that day sought her boy and demanded money. "And what do you mean to do with her?" said I. "I have come," he replied, "to ask your advice; but I think of taking a house for her and me, that we may have a home together." He was reminded of the difficulties and dangers of such a step; of the likely want of peace and comfort in such a home; and of the impossibility of his supporting his mother's vicious appetites, or overcoming the restless habits of a vagrant. There was

conscious pain mingled with impatience while he listened, until, as if no longer able to restrain himself, he started to his feet and exclaimed, "I ken it's a' ower true; but, sir, she is my ain mither in the sight of God. She maun be a trouble to somebody, and wha has a better right to bear the burden than her ain bairn?" And he would have done it; but a few days after the poor lad fell from a roof of four stories in height, and was killed on the spot. Hard even to the last was his lonely pillow, and there was none to smooth it; but he needed it not. His remains were borne to their last resting-place, as a mark of their respect, on the shoulders of his fellow-workmen; and, although no kindred were there, many a moistened eye, in men unused to weep, told that the foundling chimney-sweep was missed and mourned when he left us. After the interment my thoughts had absorbed me, when a hand was suddenly laid on my arm, and I became conscious of the presence of a bronzed and haggard woman, in tattered garments, at my side, and a hoarse voice, that breathed strongly the mingled odor of tobacco and cheap whiskey, uttered in the whine of the beggar and maudlin whimper of drunkenness, "O sir, he was my ain laddie, and what's to come o' me!" There it was, a heart in which whisky had quenched every affection—but selfishness!—League Journal.

The Drunkard's Daughter,

(Recitation.)

[These beautiful and touching verses were written by a young lady in reply to a friend who had called her a monomaniac on the subject of temperance.]

Go, feel what I have felt,

Go, bear what I have borne;

Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt;

And the cold, proud world's scorn;

Then struggle on from year to year,

The sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,

O'er a loved father's fall;

See every cherished promise swept,

Youth's sweetness turned to gall;

Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way,

That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;

Implore, beseech, and pray:

Strive the besotted heart to melt,

The downward course to stay;

Be cast with bitter curse aside,

Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,

And see the strong man bow

With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,

And cold and livid brow;

Go, catch his wandering glance, and see

There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—

The robs of sad despair,

As memory's feeling fount has stirred,

And its revealings there

Have told him what he might have been

Had he a drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side

And her crushed spirit cheer;

Thine own deep anguish hide,

Wipe from her cheek the tear.

Mark the dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,

The grey that streaks her dark hair now,

Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,

And trace the ruin back to him

Whose plighted faith in early youth

Promised eternal love and truth,

But who foresworn, has yielded up

That promise to the deadly cup,

And led her down from love and light,

From all that made her pathway bright,

And chained her there, 'mid want and

strife—

That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife,

And stamped on childhood's brow so mild

That withering blight—a drunkard's child.

—'Canadian War Cry.'

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.

Correspondence

Point Wolfe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for over two years. My father is a farmer. I like the new books very much. I had a hen named Baldy, but a raccoon took her, poor thing.

EMMA H. (Aged 10.)

New Annan, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I receive the 'Messenger' regularly every Saturday night and enjoy reading it all day Sunday. Our post-office is a mile and a half away and sometimes when it storms I cannot get my 'Messenger' for a day or two, and I feel lonesome without it. I am very fond of reading stories, and the ones in the 'Messenger' are very interesting, especially one entitled, 'One Perilous Glass.' I am on the temperance side and joined the I. O. G. T. Lodge three years ago. I am of Helen B.'s opinion that wine and other alcoholic drinks should not be used in cooking. Some folks put brandy or cider in mince pies, but my mama never does. I think it is a very wrong thing to do for instead of tempting people to drink intoxicating drinks we ought to do all we could to keep them from it.

I have a deaf and dumb sister at home now. She is a widow and stays at home most of the time. We talk to each other with the manual alphabet, and have great fun sometimes, because those who do not know the manual alphabet cannot tell what we are saying. She is very fond of reading the 'Messenger,' especially the letters of the correspondents, and was wanting me to write one, too. The snow is very deep here now. I like to see great banks of snow, they look so pretty, but they are not very nice for a team to go through. I help my mamma with the work.

LAURA B.

Michigan.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for several years, and like it very much. We live on a farm. This country has not been settled very long. When we first came here there was hardly a house in sight, but now it is thickly settled. We have school seven months in a year. We do not have any in winter. We live a mile and a half from school. We go to church and Sunday-school in summer. We had very poor crops this summer in these parts, there was not any rain all summer.

O. K.

Teeswater.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it for over a year, now; and I like it very much. I read the letter of Lottie Madeline Lillian, of Chatsworth and she said that she had a brother living in Teeswater. I live near there myself. I go to school regularly and like it very much.

EMMA Mc.

Alburg, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and two brothers. My youngest sister's name is Ruth, four years old. I go to school. The schoolhouse is over two miles from here. My teacher's name is Miss Rockwell. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

LOUISA L.

Lochaber, Ont., Spruce Lawn.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Russell and I are twins. We are nine years old. Our birthday is on Dec. 17. Tom has got subscriptions for the 'Messenger' for about eight or nine years. Russell and I went around this year and got twelve names. Ma and pa read the long stories to us, and we can read the short ones. We would not like to do without the 'Messenger.' The stories are all so nice. Ma and pa say the 'Messenger' has come to the house for over twenty years.

CAMERON and RUSSELL LANE.

Vasey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer. I go to school in summer time, but can't go in winter. I live about two miles from the school and church. I have five sisters and two brothers. I have one pair of twin sisters.

ROY ELMER B. (Aged 10.)

Church Point, N.B.

Dear Editor,—It is over two years since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I will be twelve years old on the twenty-sixth of next March. I have four sisters and two brothers, the youngest is Wallace, two years old. The mission band had an entertainment the evening before New Year's and got \$11.10.

A wharf is being built here.

LAURA M. A.

Stratford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the city and go to school there. My favorite studies are spelling and geography. We take both the 'Witness' and the 'Messenger,' and enjoy reading them very much. I read the correspondence. I like the temperance part of the 'Messenger.' I have a little sister but no brothers.

LORNE JAMES. (Aged 9.)

New Richmond.

Dear Editor,—There is a brook close by our house, it is full of little fish. I went down one day and I caught three with my hand and brought them home in my hat. I put them in a glass bottle, and the next morning two were dead. We kept the other one a year, and in the winter I forgot it on the table, in the morning the water was frozen all around it. I went and took it and put it on the shelf by the stove and the ice melted. In August I left it on the window and the hot sun killed it. I live by the Bay Chaleurs. My birthday is on March 24.

WILBER G. (Aged 10.)

Rigville, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very well. I sat up and watched the old year die. My father lives on a farm. My birthday is on the last of April.

LILY W. (Aged 13.)

Hillsburg.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger' is a very nice paper. I have two pets—a bird and a dog. I call my dog Major. I have three sisters and one brother. I saw in your paper one week a letter from a girl in New Salem, her name was Carrie, and her birthday was on March 25. So is my birthday the same as hers, and my name is Carrie.

CARRIE C. (Aged 9.)

Point Wolfe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the correspondence very much. My father works in the mill in summer. I have three brothers and no sisters. I go to school every day. I go to grandma's once a year. She lives in Hammond Vale.

MAUD W. (Aged 12.)

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry I have not got any more than two new subscribers this time; but I will try to get more next year. I have a black cat, her name is Topsy; and Willie has a grey and white cat named Minto. Sometimes in the morning before we are up he comes half way up the stairs and mews, as if to say, 'You had better get up pretty soon.' And they know the sound of the milk pail as well as anybody. Wishing you the compliments of the season,

B. DUFFERIN M. (Aged 10.)

Appreciates the Premium.

Dear Editor,—I received your precious gift, the 'Bagster Bible,' with thanks. We are well paid for our trouble in getting subscribers. May you be long spared to publish your excellent papers. We all like the reading of the 'Witness,' and the 'Messenger.' Wishing you every prosperity,

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL McKIRDY.

Galbraith, Ont.

BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH
PREACHER.

This wonderfully interesting book (paper cover) gives an anecdotal sketchy life of one of the most effective preachers ever used by God for the salvation of souls. This book free to 'Messenger' subscribers sending two new subscriptions at thirty cents each.

HOUSEHOLD.

How to Drink Water.

There are few people, we think, who thoroughly realize the value of water as a beverage, or who know how to obtain the greatest advantage from it. The effects produced by the drinking of water vary with the manner in which it is drunk. If, for instance, a pint of cold water be swallowed as a large draught, or if it be taken in two portions with a short interval between, certain definite results follow—effects which differ from those which would have resulted from the same quantity taken by sipping. Sipping is a powerful stimulant to circulation, a thing which ordinary drinking is not. During the act of sipping the action of the nerve which shows the beats of the heart is abolished, and as a consequence that organ contracts much more rapidly, the pulse beats more quickly, and the circulation in various parts of the body is increased. In addition to this, we find that the pressure under which bile is secreted is raised by the sipping of fluid. And here is a point which might well be noted by our readers—a glass of cold water, slowly sipped, will produce greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine or spirits taken at a draught. In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol in those who have been in the habit of taking too much of it, and who may be endeavoring to reform, the effect being probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Recipes.

Wheat Scones.—Scones are quickly prepared by making a soft dough with two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into three pints of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one scant teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and sufficient cold milk to mix. They are rolled out an inch thick, cut into triangles or squares and slowly cooked on a moderately hot griddle.

Macaroni Croquettes.—Boil till soft a quarter of a pound of macaroni, which has been broken into small pieces. Melt one ounce of butter or dripping in a saucepan, and add to it one teaspoonful of chopped onion and one of parsley. Chop and add two ounces of any cooked bacon, ham, tongue or meat to the cooked macaroni. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little milk or white sauce. Heat all together in the pan, and add one egg, stirring all for a few minutes over the fire; then turn the mixture on to a plate to cool. Make it up into shapes like croquettes, egg and crumb them, then fry in boiling fat a golden brown. Serve with fried parsley.

From Our Mail Bag.

Acton West, O., Jan. 21, 1901.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Publishing House, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find our S. S. subscriptions to the Northern Messenger. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school for the past six months and we are delighted with it, and believe it to be the best Sunday-school paper published. Our Sunday-school is the Crewson's Corners Methodist Sunday-school. Wishing you and your paper every success, I am yours truly,

CHAS. GAMBLE,
Secy. of S. S.

Stewart, Ont., Jan. 18, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Sirs,—Our subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' does not expire until the end of the month, but I like to be on time. Enclosed you will find five dollars for twenty-five copies of the 'Northern Messenger.' We think your paper the best all-round paper of any we have seen.

M. A. WHITE,
Stewart, Kent Co., Ont.

'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the good old 'Northern Messenger.'—
W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

OUR BEST PREMIUM.

The New-Century Publication
WORLD WIDE.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews
Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

Special Clubbing Offers

TWO GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS
NORTHERN MESSENGER and WORLD WIDE

12 pages, 30c. 16 pages, 75c.
Aggregating over 350 pages per annum.
Both to one address—Regular price, \$1.05. Special price \$.80
Both to two separate addresses—Regular price, \$2.10. Special price 1.20
Both to five separate addresses—Regular price, \$5.25. Special price 2.50

THREE GREAT WEEKLY PAPERS

NORTHERN MESSENGER, WEEKLY WITNESS, WORLD WIDE.
12 pages, 30c. 20-24 pages, \$1.00. 16 pages, 75c.

Aggregating over 2,500 pages per annum.
All to one address—Regular price, \$2.05. Special price \$1.80
All to two separate addresses—Regular price, \$4.10. Special price 2.70

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

STEEL AIR RIFLE **FREE**

Given for selling 24 doz. beautiful photographs of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, at only 10c. each. These photos are full cabinet size and are splendidly finished in the very finest style of photographic art. People are eager to buy them. Everybody wants a picture of the Queen. This rifle is of the best make and model, with nickel-plated trimmings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock, and shoots shot or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. Write and we mail photos. Sell them, return money, and we send your splendid rifle, all charges paid. **THE HOME ART CO., Box 128 TORONTO.**

BABY'S OWN SOAP

FREE 3 OPALS

showing all the colors of the rainbow, set in a splendidly finished Solid-Gold Alloy Ring, given for selling only 10 beautiful finished full-sized Cabinet Photographs of the Queen at 10c. each. Everyone wants a good picture of Her Majesty. Write for photos. Sell them, return the money, and receive this superb Opal Ring in a handsome plush-lined box, postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., Box 124, Toronto.**

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling only 2 doz. beautiful photographs of Her Majesty Queen Victoria at 10c. each. These photos are full cabinet size and are in the very finest style of photographic art. Every person would like to have a good portrait of Her Majesty. This makes our photographs easy to sell. Write and we mail photos. Sell them, return money, and we send postpaid this handsome polished nickel watch, with ornamental edge, hour, minute and second hands and genuine American lever movement. It is accurate and reliable and with care will last ten years. Write to-day. **The Home Art Co., Box 124, Toronto.**

About the 'Witness.'

Jerseyville, Ont., Jan. 24.

Enclosed find subscription to the 'Witness.' I could not possibly find another publication which would supply its place, could it not be secured. Its editorials are so instructive and its facts and statements so reliable. **A. E. WILCOX, Teacher.**

Testimonials to the Value of
'World Wide.'

Newport, Vt., Feb. 5, 1901.

(To the Editor of 'World Wide')

Dear Sir, As a subscriber in the States, though still a British subject, let me say that 'World Wide' commends itself to me as an excellent corrective of prejudice and arrogance in judging men and events. The all-aroundness of presentation is most helpful.

I have had pleasure on several public occasions lately in mentioning the 'Daily Witness' as a standing proof of the journalistic possibility of an unalterable loyalty to moral principles.

Yours very truly,
(REV.) **A. F. MACGREGOR.**

Amherst, N.S., Jan. 29.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—I am so much pleased with 'World Wide' that I feel I ought to preserve the copies for reference and enclose thirty cents for binder. . . . I remain, with hopes for the success of your venture,

Yours respectfully,
D. A. STEELE.

NORTHERN MESSENGER
(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.
Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.
Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.
Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 50c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'